

TERMS (SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM \$1.50, IN ADVANCE)

and makes me inclined to credit the assumption. I was, of course, given me by Sister Teresa, that she had known nothing at the time of the horrible massacres that took place at Mandalay about 18 months ago. I had to sit in front of her Majesty, who herself did not occupy the throne, but sat on a purple velvet carpet with a cushion for her elbow to rest on, and Sister Teresa then introduced me by name. By the way, "Camp" had been questioned about me in the morning, and to my great amusement, I heard that she had described me as a personage only second to royalty itself in rank. "The more they think of

you the better?" was the explanation. "He afterward gave me of this wonderful power meaning. My words were then intended, and from a maid of honor I passed to a beautiful gold cup, and a piece of silk—the Queen's gift. I made a bow low. The Queen then took a puff at a huge cigarette, and then asked my age, and several other personal questions. She seemed a little shy herself, and when the conversation flagged, she once or twice laughed like a school-girl, and made all the prostrate bows, including the wu, haug, too, by some remark of hers. A miscellaneous little dog that would run all about the throne room upon her gravely first, and for me it took of all the stiffness of the thing to see the general giggle. The Queen asked how I liked Mandalay, and of course I had nothing but praises of all I saw. Upon this she said that the next three days would be a great Burmese festival, and that there would be entertainments at the palace that she would like me to stay and see. I refused, but begged Sister Teresa to ride in French to get out of the difficulty. So she expressed my thanks to the Queen, but said my husband was obliged to leave at once for Rangoon. I then asked if I might see the Princess—the baby. The Queen smiled, a gratified, maternal smile, but said I was engaged two months and a half—was alone. After a few more formalities the interview came to a sudden end and through my feet being a little cramped, so that I tried to wriggle into a more comfortable position, seeing which the Queen considerably remarked to Sister Teresa that I must be tired of sitting on the ground, and, rising herself, left the room. Here I must say that women favor much better than men at these interviews. All that is necessary is to keep one's feet out of sight, and a woman, thanks to her skirts, can easily do this, sitting rather fastidiously, and as comfortably as she would be on her hearth-rug by the fire. But the unfortunate male European—must twist themselves into positions that soon become tiresome in order to keep their feet behind them. We did not talk politics, or say a word on either side that could give rise to discussion—only one thing I told the sister to say emphatically, and that was I complied with the Queen's wish to see me because I heard that she herself was a good and humane woman. I was very glad the King did not appear—one could not pay him the same compliment. When the Queen left, the Princesses clustered around me again, and one of them took my hand and said some thing that seemed very amiable. It turned out that she loved me very much. Alas! Poor things, for they have not much outlet for their affections, for they are more closely immured than the nuns in the convent. There are about 30 of them, all, I believe, daughters of the late King, who had 37 wives and 116 children, of whom only 19 were alive at the time of his death.—*Free Press Magazine*.

HOW OPIUM IS PACKED FOR SMOGGING.

The box of opium found on the sea beach near Olesna proves to be a double tin box about 18 inches square, covered with heavy salt duck, perfectly sewed together and painted with white lead, and after this had dried upon the cloth, painted black. This could not have been done in San Francisco for the purpose of reexporting to the Sandwich Islands. This perfect water-tight arrangement shows that these boxes were to be thrown overboard, either in the bay or where they would be washed ashore. It might be at the wharf, to be picked up and derided by the city crowd, for there would be no necessity for a windy night, muffled oars, or city policemen. This well covered box contained 18 balls about the size of a cocoanut, of apparently crude opium. But the peculiarity of it was that it was not what it seemed. Ordinary crude opium resembles putty or cheese in texture, and these balls, though covered with poppy leaves and a hardened shell about one-half inch thick, were filled, in military shell, with opium ready for smoking. If the opium was crude it pays \$10 per pound duty, for smoking, \$6 per pound. But even the opium, or the great majority of it, is prohibited by law from importation, because it does not contain 9 per cent. of morphine. The profit of smuggling opium is so great that every device is used to get it through.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

PRIZE-FIGHTING IN ENGLAND.

The revival of the prize ring is a feature of moment in England. Prize-fights are far more common than would appear from the occasional proceedings in a court of law. And although the days of the Dukes of York and Berrymore and Lord Waterford are gone, the noble patron is not quite extinct, for there has often appeared the name of an Earl who has won money for the cause of Lord or being with him to see one of the other of his ancestral halls a brace of bullies and set them at one another in his private grounds for his private delectation.

Do not fail for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations. A long condential walk is better than a short fight.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death.

A boy will walk across a half mile of sand hills to reach the sea, but do not therefore try to reach the Desert of Sahara.—*Hippianism*.

All who have walking astride do it in ease and advance.

In searching for jewels, beware of vision beneath a pleading of virtue.